

## WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by

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### The Plot Thickens

EVERY minute adds to the automobile congestion in our populous centers. Where there was one car yesterday there are two today. During the busy hours on pleasant holidays Sheridan Road and other important highways are all but jammed to a standstill. Let but a Ford coupe get stalled on these streets, and traffic in both directions stops and accumulates with alarming speed.

Our crowded business streets are widened, but almost immediately after they are opened for use, they again become too narrow. Anyone wishing to park downtown in any of our suburbs must either come early to get a good berth or park a block or two away from where he wants to.

As the plot thus thickens we wonder what the outcome will be. We do not believe that air vehicles will ever come into general use. Planes are too cranky; they cannot be well controlled within restricted areas. Dirigibles, of even the baby variety, are only a little more controllable than planes. So what's the solution of our auto traffic problem? If people would take to walking—but they won't! Cars have come not only to stay but to increase in number.

And since people like to go where there's a crowd, we suppose we'll have to muddle our way along in the same old way.

### Things We Miss

WE MAY have a tornado once in a generation or so on the North Shore, but such a catastrophe is a rarity with us and when it comes it can't equal for destructive violence the cyclones of other areas. We may have hot weather, but we're frigid beside the furnaces of Arizona and Texas. We may be visited at long intervals by sub-zero breezes, but our mercury never drops to 40 below as it does in more northerly climes.

We may not be a land of eternal sunshine, but we understand that life in this sort of a land gets monotonous. We haven't the mountains and hills of Montana, but neither has Montana our refreshing stretches of verdant prairie. We wouldn't exchange for our neighborly Lake any number of Colorado canyons. California and Florida grow oranges in abundance, but would you give up a toothsome ear of Golden Bantam sweet corn just out of the kettle and buttered, salted, and peppered—would you give up this prospect of immediate happiness for a simple every-day orange?

We miss many things on the north shore but aren't they worth missing?

### A Nation Chooses

ENGLAND has chosen as her national hymn a poem written by William Blake. The authority for this statement is an Englishman named John Langdon Davies, who in an article contributed by him to the July Atlantic Monthly says that one lasting result of the recent general strike in England "is the adoption as a national hymn of William Blake's poem, 'Jerusalem.'"

Obviously he does not mean that this poem has been adopted by Parliament as the national hymn, but that the rank and file of the nation has chosen it spontaneously and universally. Public speakers have directly and indirectly—over the radio—recited this poem to their audiences, and the poem has met with instant acceptance as voicing the needs and ambitions of the English people in the present crisis. In this respect it may be compared to the Marseillaise. Both hymns are national in the best sense of the word.

The new national hymn of England is truly inspired. Read its stirring lines:

*And did these feet in ancient time  
Walk upon England's mountains green?  
And was the Holy Lamb of God  
On England's pleasant pastures seen?*

*And did the countenance divine  
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?  
And was Jerusalem builded here  
Among these dark Satanic mills?*

*Bring me my bow of burning gold!  
Bring me my arrows of desire!  
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!  
Bring me my chariot of fire!*

*I will not cease from mental fight,  
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,  
Till we have built Jerusalem  
In England's green and pleasant land.*

### Bible School

THE greatest book in the world is not really a book but a collection of books; and one of the most interesting occupations is the study of this wonderful collection. The main business of Bible schools is this study.

But in spite of the interesting nature of this study and in spite of the fact that Bible schools offer this study in the summer months, as well as other times, people, old and young, remain ignorant of the purpose and subject-matter of these Bible books. We believe that this lack of interest is due to certain traditional ways of teaching the Bible, which fortunately are passing away. We do not believe, for example, that the book of Ezekiel should be taught to children, but we do well remember that is used to be cut up into small sections and taught (?) to very small children.

If summer Bible schools offer intelligent instruction, and we hope they do, then parents ought to be glad to send their children to such schools for the proper instruction. If every word in the Bible is the direct expression of God's mind then everybody should know every word in the Bible. If the Bible is the work of men of pre-eminent endowment and experience then it should be carefully pondered.

For our part we believe that a right study of the Bible is something that should be undertaken by adults, to many of whom it is a closed book. When business men begin to take the Bible seriously, a new day will have arrived.

# Shore Lines

### We Exercise Our Prerogative

After all, we are moved to reflect, if we don't who should? Cal exercises his electric horse so why shouldn't we exercise our prerogative and write something ourself?

But to get down to serious business, did you see the well and favorably known Chicago Tribune last Monday morning? That was what called forth this burst of whatever-you-want-to-call-it. As for example:

### PAROLE CHIEF TELLS SMALL HE IS PERSECUTED

This headline in aforesaid Trib, for downright humor, can only be matched by another in the same sheet which was as follows:

### GIRLS WHO WILL NOT PET BEST LIKED—YMC

Although this is a clean newspaper for clean community we are forced to defy the pov that be and snicker over that one!

The sad fate of Nathan Stanton of Da port, Iowa, teaches us, via the same old Trib, to beware of saying too much even to our best friends. While Nathan was talking to one of his a firecracker thrown by a small boy lit in his mouth and exploded. Demosthenes, we're sorry, but your room in the Hall of Fame has been let to another party! You'll have to move out.

Now that should be enough exercise for even the most vigorous prerogative. We know it's enough for our's and we have no doubt but that it's enough for you.

### TO H. A. MILLS

He is one who writes as he thinks;  
He is one who writes things worth while;  
He is one who makes us think,  
At times seriously, then again we smile.  
He is one who makes us pause  
As we drift along with the tide,  
To dwell on his bits of truth,  
With some nonsense on the side.  
In scraps of his verses he shows  
His own philosophy;  
A man we can all admire  
For his true simplicity.

—A. WOLVERINE.

### PERSONAL

We'd like to answer your letter, Wolverine, but we simply can't devote the space it would require. You have the advantage over us—we can't say anything except through the column.

### From the Winnetka Weekly Talk

WANTED—High school or young woman to care for 2 children from 9 to 5 daily.

Sir: Don't you think you might find one? I would suggest Nicholas Senn, or even Oak Park. New Trier might consider the proposition.

—LYDIA.

If they're like a little cousin of our's used to be it would take something about the size of Illinois university to care for them. Say, by the way, Lydia, how do you rate making the line twice in one issue?

### TO ANOTHER YOU

You laughed at me with haughty smiles;  
You scornfully talked of feminine wiles;  
You scoffed at those who can't be cured—  
But how I hope that you get yours!  
I'll pick a girl to make you squirm,  
And wish and pray you was a worm;  
To make you step, and love you lots—  
To smooth off hard and foolish spots!  
And you'll love her, if you would dare,  
And drop that dumb and childish air—  
You are no strong, all-powerful man  
To feel no love—you think you can!

—LYDIA.

We fear that retribution is about to overtake us. In Lydia's hearing we waxed cynical regarding the ladies, and now you see the result. Nevertheless, we still maintain, Lydia, that no matter how foolish we may be in some matters, we're not in that regard. Although we will admit that our present state of freedom is more the result of good luck than good sense.

THE SLAVE.